MAMMA'S LESSONS,

FOR HER

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHIEFLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Embellished with Cuts.

PROVIDENCE:
GEO. P. DANIELS.
1845.

Martha A. Kellogg

Presented by

Miss Jane Parkhill

Instructress

MAMMA'S

LESSONS.

FRONTISPIECE.

ANN AND HER BIRD.

EDWARD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

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THE ALPHABET.

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MAMMA'S LESSONS

FOR HER

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW OLD?

Edward, how old are you?
Four, sir.
And how old is Ann?
She is six.
Is she so old? can she sew?
Yes, she can, but is not fond of it.
And do you try to read?
Yes, sir, if I am not at my toys.
Oh fie: toys are for a boy who has done his work. He must do his work, and then he may have his toys.

THE TOP.

See my new top, how it can hum.

Can you spin a top?

Yes, if I had one; but I can not get a top to spin.

You can buy one.

No, Edward, I can not; but you can buy one for me, if you will.

Do buy me a top to hum as your own does.

HOPPING.

Can you hop, Tom, on one leg? Yes. See if I can not. How far can you hop on one leg?

Not far; but so far.

Oh yes, I see you can do it, and so can Sam too; but Ned can not hop at all, he is so fat.

Ned can try and see me hop, and he may hop too, if he will.

THE TRUTH.

Edward did you hit Ann?

No; I did not hit her at all.

Yes, sir, we saw you hit her ear, and how can you say you did not, if you did? Do not say no, if it was so, and do not say yes, if it was not so.

God can see you, and can see all you do, if we do not.

THE WALK.

May I put on my hat to go out? It is not wet.

Yes, you may put it on, and your cap too; we are all on our way to the Park; but we will wait for you, and you may go too, if you are not too late. Go now, and get your hat.

THE HAT LOST.

May I go to see if Ann has put on her hat yet?

Do not ask to go to her. She has not her hat to put on, and she can not find it, for it is hid to-day.

She did not see the box it is in, and she will cry for it. May I go and get it for her?

Yes, you may.

THE DOG.

See the dog on the new mat; he must not lie on the mat; for he is wet. Bid him get up and go out, and dry his coat in the air.

The dog can lie in the sun till he is dry; or he can run. But he must not lie on the new mat, as wet as he is now. Get up, old dog, and go out.

THE CAT.

How did the cat get up on the bed? Did you put her up?

No, I did not put her up on it. She got up. I did not see how she did so.

She is a sad cat to get up, for a bed is not at all fit for a cat to lie on.

THE ROSE.

What is the name of this bud?

It is a rose bud; see how red it is at the tip.

Will it blow soon?

Yes, if the sun will come out, it will soon blow; and then you will see a fine red rose. Ann is fond of roses, and she may have this when it is out, if she is a good girl; but we will not pick it now.

CALLING.

Did I not hear papa call Ann? Hark! he does call you.

You must get out of your little wagon and go to him, and not wait here, when he bids you go to him.

What can papa want me for?

I do not know what papa may want you for, but I do know that you hear him call you, and you will go to him if you are a good girl.

THE CAKE.

Well, Puss, and what do you want now?

See, she purrs, and wags her tail. What is it for?

You have cake in your hand.

Puss is fond of cake, and she has no cake to eat. She wants to ask you for a bit.

Give poor puss a bit of your cake.

THE HEN.

See, Ann, the poor hen has no food to eat. She can not get any. Get it for her, and let her eat.

She can not give us eggs, if she has no food to eat; so go and get some food for the poor hen, and give it to her.

THE NEW BOOK.

Here is a nice new book for Ann. She may look at it; and she may read in it; and she may keep it for her own. But then she must be good, and do as we bid her, and try to read well.

Now, come and kiss me for it.

THE BALL.

Who can tell how to play at ball? Here is a nice ball that papa gave me, just now, and I do not know the best way to play with it. Can you tell me, Edward?

Yes, I can, if you like to play my way; but if you do not, try your own. It is a nice ball, but it is too soft for a boy to play with, or it may do for my trap.

LOST.

Here is a poor boy who has lost his way. He was sent from the town to buy some milk and eggs at the next farm, and he did not know his way. It grew dark, and he went down a lane that did not lead to his home.

Poor boy! he must not cry, and John shall show him his way back.

THE HARD TASK.

Boy. I never can learn this long task: it is so very hard, I am sure I can never learn it. I have been at it all the time I have been down stairs, and yet do not know it any more than when I first took the book. What shall I do, mamma, for I want to go out of doors to swing in our new swing.

Mamma. Do not talk, nor look off your book; and pray do not think of the swing; and then you can soon learn this hard task quite well, that you think you have been trying to learn so long in vain. But your mind has been out of doors; your thoughts have been on the swing; and then your poor eyes can no more learn your task than those of a doll could.

This is not like a good or a wise boy.

Take pains; and while you have work, or a task to do, think of it. Then you can soon do it; and when it is done you will be glad, and can go out and play, or swing, as happy and as long as you please. But *learn* first.

THE MOON.

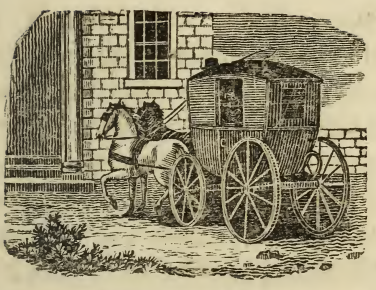
Boy. Ann calls the moon her moon. And she thinks it was made for her, and hung up in the sky for her to look at. Once I thought it was mine, but that was a long time since, when I was a very little boy, I know better now.

Why does not the moon always shine? and why is it not always round when it does? Last night as we went to bed, we saw it, and it

looked like the bow that George shoots with; but without the string.

Mamma. You are still a very little boy, and too young to know why some things are, though your eyes can see them, and do you right to mind them.

When you can read quite well, you can know more, for then papa will tell you more than he can now, while you are so young. But you know now that the great God, who made Ann, and you, and all men, made that fine moon, and set it in the sky to give light to us, when the sun is gone to give light to other parts of our great earth. All those bright stars, too, were made by him. You can tell Ann so, if you like.



THE SON COME HOME.

Girl. How glad that old woman looks! Can you tell me what it is that makes her look so glad?

She trots along, and does not seem to want her stick to help her. I am sure she has heard something to please her very much indeed.

Mamma. You guess the truth. She has been to tell me that her dear son, John, who had been absent for such a long time, has come home at last; and here is a picture of the carriage in which he came.

Poor woman! she feared she should never see him more; for it was so long since she had heard from him that she thought he must be dead. Think how happy she must be to see him once more; it was but last night that he came back.

She had been hard at work all day, and just made her room neat after tea, and was set down to spin, when he came into her room and told her that he was come home to live with her, and to take care of her. He told her she never should want for any thing now, for he had earned enough money to keep her all the rest of her life.

Well may she be happy, and thank God for giving her so good a son, and for bringing him safe home to her once more.

SPELLING.

Girl. Now, mamma, I know all the words which you gave me to learn, and can spell them all quite right.

Will you hear me now, for I do not think you will find me miss a word?

Mamma. I will hear you now, if you are quite sure you know them? but do not bring them to me till you can spell them all right, or I must give you back the book, and then there will be a cross to your name.

Girl. Well, then, I will read them once or twice more, that I may be quite right.

Mamma. That was said like a good and wise girl. Tell me when you have done so.

Girl. And may I have my cards to spell with? Then I can place the letters, so as to be quite sure if I know them or not; and you will be quite sure, too, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, for that is a very good way. Go, and fetch your box; it lies on the shelf in the room, just where you left it.

Girl. Here it is; I soon found it; it was just where you said.

Mamma. Now, then, turn the letters, so that you may see them all, and sort them; you will then find what you want with ease.

Girl. No, mamma, I do not think

I can find all the letters that I shall want to spell these words that I have learnt. Will you write me an A, and a K, and an E?—Here is some blank card in my box, to make them with, if you will write them for me.

Mamma. Very well; I will write them for you; if you think you shall want any more, you must tell me now, for by-and-by I shall be busy. You must wait some time, after they are done, till the ink is quite dry, or you will blot and spoil them, if you touch them too soon.

Now, my child, the letters are all fit to use, so now you may take them.

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